

No. 5118	號八十百一千五第	日七十二月二年戌甲治同	HONGKONG, MONDAY, 13th APRIL, 1874	一拜禮	號三十月四英	港香	[PRICE \$24 PER MONTH.]
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Baigon and Penang.
 Risks accepted, and Policies of Insurance
 granted at the rates of Premium current at the
 above-mentioned Ports.
 No charge for Policy fees.
JAS. B. COUGHTRIE,
 Homebays, 1st November 1891.

FROM this date, until further notice, a discount of Twenty per cent. (20%) upon the current local rates-of-premia will be allowed upon insurances effected with this Company.

DOUGLAS L'APRAIE & Co.,
Agents.

At 1100 Market Street, Philadelphia, 1876.

**LONDON AND ORIENTAL STEAM
TRANSIT INSURANCE OFFICE.**
137, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON
ESTABLISHED 1843.

THE Undersigned is authorised to accept
risks on behalf of this Office, by First
class Steamers and Sailing Ships.

A. McIVER, Agent.

... 20,000,000 Reichsmarks, according to arrangements with and guaranteed by important German Re-Insurance Companies, is prepared to accept Risks to the extent of \$65,000, and Policies will be granted by the Undersigned at the current local rates, subject to a discount of 10%.

MELCHERS & Co.

THE Undersigned having been appointed Agents to the above Company at this Port, are prepared to grant Policies against Fire to the extent of \$50,000, on Buildings, or on Goods stored therein.

DOUGLAS LAPRAIK & Co.

months.....	"
Above 1 month and not exceeding 3 months.....	"
Above 3 months, and not exceeding 6 months.....	"
Above 6 months.....	the full annual rate.

GILMAN & Co.,
Agents.

to the undersigned for countersignature, and
take immediate delivery; this Cargo has been
landed and stored at their risk and expense.
No fire insurance has been effected.
U. BERTRAND,
Principal Agent.
Esq "Irassuaddy," 31st January, 1874.
RWL:14 James Merchandis

Extracts.

ON THE RAMPARTS DARE, STOOD THE LADY FAIR.

On the ramparts bare, stood the lady fair,
And the cold wind, that blew from the air,
She called to the warden to take good care,
And the warden was bold and true.

"O warden! Guard the watch-tower light well—
Not a star to be seen to-night,
But the breeze swell, and the signals tell
That the fleet of our Lord is in sight."

"O lady dear! The fire burns here,
And the drawbridge is ready to fall,
And the warden stand by the moat on the sand
To guide thy lord to his hall."

"Methinks I hear the battle roar,
And the fugitive fly for the sword,
Tis only a poet to bring this tale,
That the fleet of thy Lord is at hand."

"And dost thou tell that my lord is well?
Dost thou conquest crown his foil?
On victory's wine he smelt the sea breeze,
And fought the lord of the Isle?"

"Let the castle gate be opened straight,
And the blurring fog be light,
And hark! Monks, and monks my boy!
He shall see his dear father to-night."

"And hast thou weep, when amazed from sleep,
On a night of such fatal sleep?
Thou dost not inquire if thou hast a fire,
And a noble steed thou shalt see."

"So straight and so tall he stands in the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace,
Through the deeds of his hand and the battles
He hath won."

"Have ye not heard as he said,
Betray ye fear when the trumpet cheer,
For a soldier's boy thou art!
The blood must not quail at the cold iron mail
When pressed to a hero's hour."

"Thou wast full of life when he went to fight;
Thou art now a spirit in his sight,
Thy father will love thee with fond delight,
And thy mother will weep for joy."

"When weak and pale with many a fall
I held thee in my arms;
While others slept I prayed and wept,
And gazed on thy face with tears."

"Sir Arthur's race will be lost, I said,
His honors will die in victory's hall,
The father will die in victory's hall,
And the boy will die of disease."

"But now and then a city watchful cheer,
And thy sire is crowned with honors;
And now thou art a knight to fill his place,
The line of Sir Arthur shall bloom."

"Through the dusky gloom I see his plume,
And his well-known voice I hear;
From the battle's strife to thy son and wife,
Now welcome my lord most dear."

—Byron Daily Advertiser.

DOGS IN KAMTSHATKA.

Travelling with dogs is, however, both dangerous and difficult. Instead of the whip, the Kamtshatkans use a crooked stick with iron rings, which, by their jingling, give the leader to the team the necessary signals.

When the dogs are not sufficiently exert themselves, the stick is used among them to rouse them to greater speed; but when the traveller must be dexterous enough to pilot it up again while the sledges shoot along.

During a snowstorm, the dogs keep their master warm, and will lie quietly near him for hours, so that he has merely to prevent the snow from covering him too deeply and suffocating him. Dogs are also excellent weather prophets, for when, while resting, they dig holes in the snow, a storm with certainty be expected. —The Polar World.

SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.

If, instead of a little knowledge, we speak of knowledge which is superficial in quality and sudden in acquisition, then it may be truly said that such knowledge is dangerous.

A legacy of £1,000 bequeathed to a poor labourer whose whole previous income was £30 a year, may very probably prove injurious to every member of his family.

Character; while to a man who has been accustomed to spend £10,000 a year it becomes merely a small and useful addition. Power, wealth, knowledge, when suddenly possessed by those unprepared to use them, become to them sources of real danger; it is experience, on the wisdom, which renders them dangerous.

Such sudden and superficial knowledge is called empirical, and is acquired by memory, by a very narrow experience, not deduced from extensive study and general principles.

There shall be two men in the amount of facts they know, that is in their useful information; seen to be nearly as possible on a par, yet the knowledge of the one shall have been gathered from mere memory of things read in books, the knowledge of the other shall have been thought out by himself, the principles on which it rests apprehended and made his own. Between these two kinds of knowledge, though their amount be nearly equal, there is a whole world of difference.

One of the most cherished fallacies of self-conceit is the notion that the mental power which originates great discoveries and the very commonplace power required to understand and apply these discoveries when made. —Life and Letters of James David Forbes, F.R.S.

ABOUT BOOKS.

Keep in mind, in the first place, that though the library shelves grow with books, whose name is legion, there are in each department only a few great books, in relation to which others are but auxiliary, or it may be sometimes parasitical, and like the ivy, doing harm rather than good to the bold round which they cling.

How many thousands, for instance, and tens of thousands, of books on Christian theology have been written and published in the world since the first preaching of the Gospel, which, of course, contain nothing more and nothing better than the Gospel itself, and which, if they were all burnt to-morrow, would leave Christianity in the main, nothing less worse, and in some points essentially better.

There is fully as much nonsense as sense in many learned books that have a dole in their title; and in most books there is a great deal of superfluous and useless talk. Stick therefore to the great books, the original books, the fountain-heads of great ideas and noble passions, and you will learn joyfully to dispense with the volumes of accessory talk by which their virtue has been frequently obscured or illuminated.

For a young theologian it is of far greater importance that he should have the Greek New Testament by heart than that he should be able to talk glibly about the last volume of sermons by Dr. Kay or Stophord Brooke. All these are very well, but they are not the one thing needful, for the highest Christian culture may be dispensed with. Not so the Bible. Fix therefore in your eye the great books on which the history of human thought and the changes of human fortunes have turned. In politics look to Aristotle; in mathematics to Newton; in philosophy to Leibnitz; in poetry to Shakespeare; in history to the sacred annals, and, above all, to the sacred annals, and, above all, to the sacred annals.

Cast a firm glance on those notable men, who, though not achieving any valuable positive results of speculation, were useful in their day, as protesting against widespread popular error, and rousing people into trains of more consistent thinking and acting. To this class of men belong, in our country, the Froben, and David Home in our country.

But, of course, we must not carelessly, familiar acquaintance with all such original thinkers and discoverers in the world of thought and action, you will feel only too painfully that you cannot always lay hold of them in the first stage of your studies; you will require some one to mount up to shake hands with those Oriental and those European books. Do not therefore despise little books, they are for you the necessary lines of approach to the great fortress of knowledge, and cannot safely be overlooked. —On Self-Culture. By Professor Blackie.

HEADS I HAVE TAKEN OFF.

I am a headman. Not one of those melancholy-looking gentlemen in romances, whose costume consists of crimson tights and a black, and whose chief impulse is to be a headman. I am a headman, and I have taken off many a head.

When I remark that the camera is mightier than the axe, you will at once guess at the occupation of your headman. He simply addresses you because of the vast opportunities he has had of studying character and the amusing results it has yielded him. On all the many thousands of faces I have critically examined, I have never found one nose exactly alike on both sides. This want of harmony is, in the majority of cases, very decidedly perceptible—in some instances disagreeably so; in others the defect adds character to the features, but in face the peculiarity is not so curious, details which will interest all who have "saw" or intend "sawing."

If an old lady be the subject, though probably be a box full of cups to cry on for my approval, all you may be sure, entirely different from those worn in everyday life of the sinner, and how the immortal photographs which have been taken to get a likeness of a person who does not look like herself, and who comes disguised in articles of apparel bought, now for the occasion, and in which she feels and appears as stiff as the material of which her cap is composed? The young ladies, again, they have their whims and fancies, and at their age why should they not? This change of costume is not so unusual, and the "gusher," a difficult variety to manage, of two kinds—the languid gusher who never seems able to stand upright, but must have something to lean upon, and with whom it seems impossible to more than half open the eyes; and the vivid gusher, who goes in for passionate amiability, and is never seen without a smile, and a smile, and a smile, that it does not appear to belong to the face. There is the masculine young lady, who comes in her riding habit, and insists upon having a cover-side for a back ground. Then there is the serious young lady of thirty, who comes at the request of friends, as the takes care to "inform" you, and is not very difficult to deal with.

And lastly, there is the average English young lady without any marked peculiarities, except those which distinguish her from her sisters of any other nation, and of which the country is proud, and who does all in her power to assist the photographer and save him trouble. It is said that young ladies seldom make good photographs, but I maintain they are the best models, and make the best pictures, when properly treated, of any form of living creature—except children, who do almost anything you require.

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A RIVER COMPARED WITH HUMAN LIFE.

The course of a river has often been compared to the course of human life, and at comparison, even pressed very closely and in many particulars, is apt and true. Consider, for example, in each case, the smallness and obscurity of beginning, contrasted with the grand place in public attention which will be filled in the end. Among famous rivers one of the most illustrious, though not one of the longest, is the Nile. This river, which is the longest in the world, has a source in the high mountains of the East, and its course is marked by a series of great cities, and a series of great events, and a series of great achievements.

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